

THE TRAGEDIE OF Anthonie, and Cleopatra.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Philo.

Nay, but this dotage of our Generals
Ore-floues the measure: those his goodly eyes
That ore the Files and Musters of the Warre,
Haue glow'd like plated Mars:
Now bend, now turne
The Office and Deuotion of their view
Vpon a Tawny Front. His Captaines heart,
Which in the scuffles of great Fights hath burst
The Buckles on his brest, reneages all temper,
And is become the Bellows and the Fan
To coole a Gypsies Lust.

Flourish. Enter Anthonie, Cleopatra, her Ladies, the
Traine, with Euanchs fanning her.

Looke where they come:
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
(The triple Pillar of the world) transform'd
Into a Strumpets Foole. Behold and see.
Cleo. If it be Loue indeed, tell me how much.
Ant. There's beggary in the loue that can be reckon'd
Cleo. He set a bourn how farr to be belou'd.
Ant. Then must thou needs finde out new Heauen,
new Earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Newes (my good Lord) from Rome.
Ant. Grates me, the summe.
Cleo. Nay heare them Anthonie.
Fulvia perchance is angry: Or who knows,
If the scarle-bearded Caesar haue not sent
His powrefull Mandate to you. Do this, or this;
Take in that Kingdome, and Infranchise that:
Perform't, or else we damne thee.
Ant. How, my Love?
Cleo. Perchance? Nay, and most like:
You must not stay heere longer, your dismission
Is come from Caesar, therefore heare it Anthonie.
Where's Fulvius Proceffe? (Caesars I would say) both?
Call in the Messengers: As I am Egypts Queene,
Thou blushest Anthonie, and that blood of thine
Is Caesars homager: else so thy cheekes payes shame,
When thrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds, The Messengers.
Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide Arch
Of the raign'd Empire fall: Heere is my space,
Kingdomes are clay: Our dungie earth alike

Feeds Beast as Man; the Noblesse of life
Is to do thus: when such a mutuall paire,
And such a twaine can doo't, in which I binde
One paine of punishment, the world to weete
We stand vp Peerelesse.
Cleo. Excellent falshood:
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not loue her?
Hee leeme the Foole I am not. Anthonie will be himselfe.
Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.
Now for the loue of Loue, and her soft houres,
Let's not confound the time with Conference harsh;
There's not a minute of our liues should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to night?
Cleo. Heare the Ambassadors.
Ant. Fye wrangling Queene:
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weepe: who every passion fully striues
To make it selfe (in Thee) faire, and admir'd.
No Messenger but thine, and all alone, to night
Wee'l wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come my Queene,
Last night you did desire it. Speake not to vs.

Exeunt with the Traine.

Dem. Is Caesar with Anthonius priz'd so slight?
Philo. Sir sometimes when he is not Anthonie,
He comes too short of that great Property
Which still should go with Anthonie.
Dem. I am full sorry, that hee approues the common
Liar, who thus speakes of him at Rome; but I will hope
of better deeds to morrow. Rest you happy. Exeunt.

Enter Enobarbus, Lamprius, a Southsayer, Rannius, Lucillius,
Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch,
and Alexas.

Char. L. Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas,
almost most absolute Alexas, where's the Soothlayer
that you prais'd so ro'th' Queene? Oh that I knewe this
Husband, which you say, must change his Hornes with
Garlands.
Alex. Soothsayer.
Sooth. Your will?
Char. Is this the Man? Is't you sir that know things?
Sooth. In Natures infinite booke of Secrecie, a little I
can read.
Alex. Shew him your hand.
Enob. Bring in the Banket quickly: Wine enough,
Cleo.

Anthony and Cleopatra.

Cleopatra's health to drinke.
Char. Good sir, giue me good Fortune.
Sooth. I make not, but foreseee.
Char. Pray then, foresee me one.
Sooth. You shall be yet farre fairer then you are.
Char. He meanes in flesh.
Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.
Char. Wrinkles forbid.
Alex. Vex not his prescience, be attentive.
Char. Hush.
Sooth. You shall be more belouing, then beloued.
Char. I had rather heate my Liuer with drinking.
Alex. Nay, heare him.

Char. Good now some excellent Fortune: Let mee
be married to three Kings in a forenoone, and Widdow
them all: Let me haue a Childe at fifty, to whom Herode
of Jewry may do Homage. Finde me to marrie me with
Octavius Caesar, and companion me with my Mistris.
Sooth. You shall out-lie the Lady whom you serue.
Char. Oh excellent, I loue long life better then Figs.
Sooth. You haue seene and proued a fairer former fortune,
then that which is to approach.

Char. Then belike my Children shall haue no names:
Prythee how many Boyes and Wenches must I haue.
Sooth. Ifeury of your wishes had a wombe, & fore-
tell eury with, a Million.
Char. Out Foole, I forgieue thee for a Witch.
Alex. You thinke none but your sheets are priuie to
your wishes.

Char. Nay come, tell Iras hers.
Alex. Wee'l know all our Fortunes.
Enob. Mine, and most of our Fortunes to night, shall
be drunke to bed.

Iras. There's a Palme presages Chastity, if nothing els.
Char. Ene as the ore-flouing Nylus presageth Fa-
mine.

Iras. Go you wilde Bedfellow, you cannot Soothsay.
Char. Nay, if an oyle Palme bee not a fruitfull Prog-
nostication, I cannot scratch mine care. Prythee tel her
but a worky day Fortune.
Sooth. Your Fortunes are alike.
Iras. But how, but how, giue me particulars.
Sooth. I haue said.
Iras. Am I not an inch of Fortune better then she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better
then I: where would you choose it.
Iras. Not in my Husbands nose.
Char. Our worser thoughts Heauens mend.
Alexas. Come, his Fortune, his Fortune. Oh let him
marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee,
and let her dye too, and giue him a worfe, and let worfe
follow worfe, till the worst of all follow him laughing to
his graue, fifty-fold a Cuckold. Good Isis heare me this
Prayer, though thou denie me a matter of more waight:
good Isis I beseech thee.

Iras. Amen, deere Goddesse, heare that prayer of the
people. For, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome
man loose, Wiu'd, so it is a deadly sorrow, to beholde a
foule Knaue vncuckolded: Therefore deere Isis keep de-
corum, and Fortune him accordingly.

Char. Amen.
Alex. Lo now, if it lay in their hands to make mee a
Cuckold, they would make themselues Whores, but
they'd doo't.

Enter Cleopatra.
Enob. Hush, heere comes Anthonie.

Char. Not he, the
Cleo. Save you, my
Enob. No Lady.
Cleo. Was he not h
Char. No Madam.
Cleo. He was dispos
A Romane thought ha
Enobarbus?
Enob. Madam.
Cleo. Seeke him, and
Alex. Heere at you
My Lord approaches.

Enter Anth
Cleo. We will not
Go with vs.
Messen. Fulvia thy
First came into the Fie
Ant. Against my B
Messen. I: but foo
And the times state
Made friends of them,
Whose better issue in
Vpon the first encount
Ant. Well, what w
Mess. The Nature
Ant. When it con
Things that are past, ar
Who tels me true, tho
I heare him as he flatter
Mes. Labienus (this
Hath with his Parthian
Extended Asia: from I
Banner shooke, from S
And to Ionia, whil't
Ant. Anthonie thou
Mes. Oh my Lord.
Ant. Speake to me
Mince not the generall
Cleopatra as she is call
Raile thou in Fulvia's p
With such full Licenfe,
Haue power to viter.
When our quicke wind
Is as our earing: fare th
Mes. At your Noble
Enter and

Ant. From Scicion h
1. Mes. The man fr
Is there such an one?
2. Mes. He staves v
Ant. Let him appea
These strong Egyptian
Or looke my selfe in do

Enter another
What are you?
3. Mes. Fulvia thy
Ant. Where dyed t
Mes. In Scicion, he
With what else more f
Importeth thee to know
Anth. Forbear me
There's a great Spirit g
What our contentions d